

VOLUME III

NUMBER 9

JUNE

HETVUCK



W. T. Tracy Grocer

Carries the best line of groceries
in the city. It will pay to get
our prices on ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

High Grade Coffees

which are conceded by all lovers
of good coffee to be the best on the
market. Your patronage solicited.

W. T. Tracy

For all the News

READ THE

Ohio State Journal

Southeastern Edition

CALL EITHER PHONE

CHAS. E. MATHEWS

MANAGER

NEWARK, OHIO

For Suitable Graduating Presents==Go to

HAYNES BROTHERS

HE TOOK HIS FAMILY TO

Wise & Hammond's

NEW SHOE STORE AS IT IS THE

Best Place to Buy High Grade Footwear

40 N. THIRD ST. NEWARK, O.

RALPH NORPELL

Attorney at Law
Notary Public
Patents

24½ West Main Street

GEO. S. CONWAY

Tonsorial Parlors

219 East Main St., Newark, Ohio

Painless Extraction of Teeth

S. H. McCLEERY
DENTIST

21½ West Main Street, Newark, Ohio

Needles, Oils and Supplies
For all Machines always on hand
ALSPACH BROTHERS,

28 West Church Street.

All Machines Repaired. Work guaranteed.

BOB SMITH'S
Pharmacy

20 NORTH THIRD ST. NEWARK, OHIO

A. N. BANTON

General Electrical Contractor and Supplies

No. 49 North Third Street Both Phones

He=tuck Fire Insurance
of M. SHAUCK & SON
271=2 South Side Square

D. M. KELLER

Attorney at Law

Over Franklin Bank

JUST 111½ STEPS TO

Forsythe's Barber Shop

IN THE CITY BUILDING

All First-class Work Done

HAND LAUNDRY

F. J. FELIX, - - Proprietor

Nos. 97 and 99 Canal Street

Both Phones 263

SMYTHE & SMYTHE

LAWYERS

West Main Street . . . Newark, O.

E. F. Collins & Company

Y. M. C. A. Building

Optical Parlors and Jewelry Store

Ask your Grocer for

Sites & Kellinberger's Best

Use no Others

C. HEMPSTEAD

Photographer

36½ West Main Street . . . Newark, Ohio

All work first-class. We study to please.

JOHN M. SWARTZ

Lawyer

Office 27½ South Park Place

CLIFF L. STURGEON

LEADING RETAIL GROCER

The best goods and best possible service.
21 lbs. Granulated Sugar \$1.00. Package Coffee 10c
Hams 13½c. 16 W. Main

CLIFF L. STURGEON.

Also real estate in the city and farms for sale or exchange.

GO TO RIDDLE
FOR FIRST-CLASS GROCERIES
 Corner Fourth and Church Streets

SACHS BROTHERS

NEWARK'S LEADING TAILORS

FIT, FINISH, FASHION **GUARANTEED**

EAST SIDE SQUARE

J. M. Browne & Sons

Grocers and Coffee Roasters. Oysters Wholesale and Retail
 31 North Third Street, Newark, Ohio

A. J. BALDWIN

Florist

Cut Flowers and Funeral Designs to order a
 Specialty. Green House opposite Cemetery.

H. M. WARMAN

BARBER SHOP

Bath Room connected. A selection of Croft & Reed's
 Choicest Soap. No. 307 East Main Street.

WATCH STURDEVANT'S

For the Latest
 Novelties in

Fashionable Jewelry

DAFFODIL, DOLLY VARDEN, AMERICAN ROSE TRAILING ARBUTUS

The newest and sweetest perfumes. Have
 you seen them? If not call and get your
 handkerchief perfumed.

THE EAST SIDE PHARMACY

203 East Main Street.

NEWARK, OHIO

If you buy at **Geo. Hermann & Co's** Its the best

Finest Strap Sandals  Oxfords

LINEHAN BROTHERS



BOWERS & BRADLEY

Funeral Directors

32 South Third Street . . . Newark, Ohio

MILLINERY

H. F. O'Bannon & Co., 28 W. Main St.
Jaunty School Hats. Swell Dress Hats.

ALL KINDS OF MEAT, SAUSAGES AND SPICES OF THE BEST QUALITY.

METZ BROS.

Notice to Students
G. A. BALL & SON

Carries the Finest Line of Shoes in the City

J. T. LEWIS

DENTIST

42 1-2 North Third St.

CHASE & CO.

Photographers

Newark - - - Ohio

* First-class work only.

Dr. W. H. Sedgwick

Dentist

Rooms 2 and 3 Hibbert & Schaus Bld'g

GEO. L. MILLER

FLORIST

Fancy Cut Flowers and Design Work
East Side Public Square.

Van Buren is the Reliable Grocer

John J. Carroll FINE DRY GOODS AND CARPETS

HETUCK

VOL. III

NEWARK, OHIO, JUNE, 1903

No. 9

THE HETUCK

A Monthly Magazine Published by the Seniors of the
High School, Newark, Ohio.

EDITORIAL STAFF.

Editor in Chief ETHEL M. METZ
Business Manager..... RUTH A. SPEER
Assistant Business Manager..... FLORENCE E. FULTON
Associate Editors..... { BRIGHT HILLIARD, '04
 { BESSIE MCCLURE, '05
Local Editor..... MYRTLE MILLER
Exchange Editor..... ELIZABETH KING
Subscription Editors..... { ETHOL BRILLHART
 { JULIA BRAUNHOLD

SUBSCRIPTION RATES, - - - 50c PER YEAR

Entered at Newark, O., Postoffice as second class matter

All merchants wishing a change of ads. will please address Business Manager

American Tribune Printery, Newark, Ohio

The time has come when the Class of 1903 must leave the old school, with its tasks, sometimes pleasant, sometimes irksome, and, separated, take up the thread of life in earnest. But, though separated, let us hope they will never become disunited, and that the future holds many happy days which we shall spend together.

In saying farewell to our teachers and under-classmen, we realize that some of the pleasantest days of our lives are becoming but memories. We have always been told that our school days are the happiest of our lives, but we have never believed it until now, as we are leaving, we feel half convinced that the saying is a true one.

May these memories of our school life be only pleasant ones, and may the teachings we have received lead us to strive for the noblest ends.

To the Juniors we now hand over The Hetuck, hoping they may continue to edit it, and with best wishes for success in the undertaking. But with these good wishes permit us just a word of advice. Do not make the paper a means of filling up the

treasury. Neither time nor opportunity is given to manage the financial part of a school paper so as to make the balance greatly in favor of the class. All the spare time should be devoted to raising the standard of the magazine and make it a faithful representation of the work in the High School.

We feel sure that, in the past, the pupils have not contributed to us the best that they were capable of, partly through lack of interest and indifference. But let us hope that next year some plan can be hit upon to renew the interest of the pupils and then we feel sure that The Hetuck will be a success.

CLASS SONG

(Words by Homer Jones—Music by N. B. Yeardley)

We now stand alone in sorrow,
For our schooldays soon will pass,
Thinking of the coming morrow
When we sever from our class;
And, departing on life's journey,
Little dreaming of the strife
We must face before completing
What awaits us yet in life.

In preparing for life's battle,
Have we done our very best?
Will our lessons be remembered?
Need we feel that failing rest?
We may trust in Him above us,
Who has promised hope to all,
Leaving deeds to be recorded
In fame's everlasting hall.

Should our lives be not all sunshine,
And our plans be cut in twain,
May we never be discouraged,
For our fight is not in vain;
We have learned both truth and honor,
And our lessons will obey,
'Though we leave our happy school days
Far behind Commencement Day.



THE HETUCK STAFF FOR 1903

ELIZABETH KING	ETHEL METZ	RUTH SPEER	FLORENCE FULTON	MYRTLE MILLER
	ETHOL BRILLHART	JULIA BRAUNHOLD	BESSIE McCLURE	BRIGHT HILLIARD

SALUTATORY

Kind Instructors, Fellow-Classmates, Friends--
On behalf of the entire class of 1903, I extend to you
a most cordial welcome.

It is with mingled feelings of pride and sorrow that we come before you tonight—pride, because we have reached the goal for which we have labored so long and earnestly; sorrow, because tonight we must sever the bonds which have bound us together so long, and say farewell. It strikes to our hearts with a sorrow that cannot be expressed. It means more than the breaking of school ties; it means the opening of a new life for us all, the commencement of the great future, the adoption of cares and responsibilities we have never felt.

We see the world from behind a curtain; we believe it is anxious to enter our names in the great book of life. We must stand upon the untried shores of our ambitions and prove our ability to succeed.

In the journey which we are about to complete we had some one to assist us; now we must help ourselves. Our future journey will be largely what we make it. If true thoughts and principles fill our minds, we may be strong enough to escape the thousands of temptations that surround us; but as yet we know nothing of these temptations which we are sure to meet.

Will our paths in the future be as bright and pleasant as they have been in the past? We truly hope so, and let us fight bravely onward and not grow discouraged, for we will find "The world is with us when we succeed, but knows us not when we fall."

Life has not only its pleasures, but its duties and trials.

"Life's more than breath and the quick round of blood;

'Tis a great spirit and a busy heart."

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on the dial.

Although we have longed for this time, yet with all our hopes and anticipations, there has been sorrow mingled with the joy. But never can we forget the many happy days of our school life; and in our future busy walks we will look back to this time with pleasure, for the sorrows will be brightened by the many joys we have experienced, and when we enter upon that—

"Path untrod, a way unknown,
A field to harvest yet unsown;
A flower in bud, a book unread,
A house with rooms untended,
These are the rooms that for us wait
Beyond our school-days' mystic gate."

Dear friends and fellow-classmates, when we meet upon this unknown path, may we all be able to say that we have resisted the temptations and have succeeded, and may the pleasures which we enjoy for this last time never be clouded by the sorrows of a misspent life.

Once more, and for the last time as pupils of the Newark High School, we bid you a most cordial welcome.

THE END FROM THE BEGINNING

FERN HARRIS

All are familiar with the old and ever true maxim, "Where there is a will there is always a way." He who resolves upon doing a thing, by that very resolution often scales the barriers to it and secures its achievement. How many great and noble deeds have been accomplished by persistent determination and by making that one little word "will" the foundation of the noble structure which we call character—the crown and glory of life, "that latent force," as Emerson says, "which acts directly by presence and without means." And by dint of much patience and earnest endeavor, what may we not make our character? We may have to make many sacrifices, meet with many reverses, yet, have we not gained enough to more than repay us for the trouble we may have had?

It is said that knowledge is power, but is knowledge all that is required? Something else is needed with knowledge to give power and that something is character. "Without a certain degree of practical efficiency—force—compounded of will, which is the root, and wisdom, which is the stem of character, life will be indefinite and purposeless, like a body of stagnant water, instead of a running stream doing useful work." Power is gained through character just as much as through knowledge. Benjamin Franklin attributed all his public success to a good, sterling character. To what was Washington's power due if not to his noble character? A man may possess wealth, knowledge, a high position, and many other things which the world applauds, yet when necessity calls for men, he is passed by for the one who is known to have a good character.

If we cannot all have a model character, we can all

strive to attain one, and the very striving itself will lift us above our previous state. The person who has a high standard of living and thinking—although he may never realize it—is better than he who has no standard at all, but takes life as it comes, in a happy-go-lucky way. Henry Clay met with many failures in the beginning of his career. Yet one of the first lessons that he learned was that every successful man was inspired by a high and noble purpose, before which difficulties dwindled into insignificance. To him purposeless men were failures. Life is not a brooklet upon which one may stretch himself in his bark and drift aimlessly along. It is more like an ocean, wide and fathomless, which abounds in dangerous whirlpools, eager to draw within their seething, foaming vortices the lone bark and its unsuspecting occupant; with destructive shoals, which, like cruel and treacherous reefs, lie concealed beneath a calm, glistening surface; with strong undercurrents rushing powerfully and irresistibly along, carrying everything with them in their course. Can one hope to escape these manifold dangers unless he has a definite goal before him? A man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder, left to drift hither and thither with every wind that blows.

Daylight can be seen through very small apertures; so little things are said to illustrate a person's character. Some maintain that deeds form the only firm basis upon which to build character; but what do a person's actual achievements signify when compared to his secret aims, hopes, ambitions, if they are pure and noble, and if so, is he to be censured for the petty failures he may meet in striving to attain them? A good character cannot be inherited, but the conditions which aid in the forming of it may be inherited. Some one has said of character: "It is a product, a beautiful fabric woven upon the looms of personal activity, constructed out of aspirations, visions of the ideal and high resolves." Thus it is in our own hands to make it like a shining cloth of gold which brightens and illuminates everything with which it comes in contact, like a checkered pattern in black and white, with only an occasional gold thread—by far the most common pattern—or, like a dull, coarse fabric which is shunned and avoided by all.

Many become discouraged and fail because they have set their ideals high, and then they forget the intermediate steps between the base and pinnacle of glory; they expect to gain the heights by a few mas-

terful strokes, whereas they are repulsed again and again, until they lose all hope and with it their ideals; one by one they must retrace their steps, securing a firm foothold at each; these failures must be treated as but stepping stones to further efforts. A noble purpose may be checked, or turned aside in different channels, but like "truth crushed to earth," it will rise again and gain strength by the defeat. "When, by a determinate will influenced by a high purpose, the elements of character are brought into action man does not fear to enter into the paths of duty, to maintain principles if right, to place the approval of conscience above worldly praise; we may say then he is approaching the summit of his being; he exhibits character in its most intrepid form." Was Martin Luther afraid to maintain his principles of right? Did he deem worldly approval above the approval of his conscience? No! Rank, wealth, power and pope were leagued against him, yet with the daily risk of losing his life, he said: "I cannot act contrary to my conscience." Did he prove to be a straw thrown upon the water to show the direction of the current? No, he showed himself capable of buffeting with the waves of adversity and of directing his own independent course, and today Germany is proud of him and the stand that he took.

Many gain the goal, not by their own individual efforts, but by the toil of others. They sweep aside all the higher, better feelings, all honor, in one mad rush to gratify their ambition and gain worldly praise. They know where they want to stand—but they want someone to put them there. And what have they gained after all their striving? Their glittering house is built upon sand, to be swept away by the first storm. "What is ambition gratified to freedom lost?" When that inevitable day of judgment comes, can they say, "Here, Master, is my conscience pure and free—here is my soul, unblemished?" When too late they realize their condition; then they fancy were it possible to collect the shattered fragments of their life, they would fashion them into a rounded, perfect whole. The character of a nation depends upon the character of its people; its progress is but the sum of individual industry; and its decay the sum of individual idleness, selfishness and vice. Thus when our character makes the nation's character, we should strive to attain the highest, and have ever before us the thought that—

"Deep in the man sets fast his fate
To mould his fortunes, mean or great."



GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM, NEWARK HIGH SCHOOL

ETHEL METZ	FLORENCE FULTON	ETHOL BRILLHART, (Captain)	LILIAN KAMMERER	GRACE FULTON
FRANCES PRIEST		LEE MOORE	BERTHA FULTON	

A CHAIN OF THREE LINKS

FLOSSA HERSHBERGER

Since the beginning of civilization, art, music and literature have existed as three essential elements to human nature. If we wish to appeal to the tenderest spot in the human heart, it must be through the medium of one of the fine arts.

There have been writers by the thousands—artists and musicians, too; but few exist in the memories of nations today as virtuosos. Providence gave her musicians to Germany, her writers to England, and her artists to Greece and Rome.

But what is a musician—poet—artist? Is he a superhuman being sent by Almighty to be praised and worshipped as a genius by mortals? No, he is simply a mortal endowed with the ability to represent human thoughts by means of musical notes, the pen, or brush and chisel.

So closely are the fine arts linked together that they are in reality the same thing, merely in different forms. The ear interprets the music in the same way that the eye does the painting or work of art, or the mind the poetry.

Why should we look upon the fine arts as entirely out of our reach, just because we cannot compose a Wagner opera, nor write a "Paradise Lost," nor paint a "Sistine Madonna?" Do you consider yourself absolutely without talent? Remember that not all musicians are composers; for he who has an ear especially adapted to music-interpretation is theoretically a musician, while the composer is a practical musician. Neither are all poets writers, nor artists painters, for it requires talent even to recognize a genius.

We have not had so far in the world's history a single man who has excelled in more than one of the fine arts; although Milton showed marked musical ability when quite young, and one of our own minor American authors revealed early signs of artistic talent. Tennyson, too, must have had an "ear for music," or certainly he could not have adapted the sound to the sense in so many of his writings.

Since it is plain to be seen that one of the fine arts helps another, it follows that the greatest power lies not in a single one, but in the three combined; and it is this which will in the future be carried out—it is progressing today. Where do we get our modern "Gibson heads"—productions from Pierce, Wenzel or Remington, if they are not to be found in periodicals of fiction?

If the Lord above meant to give us

a hint of the life beyond, He has certainly made it manifest through the fine arts; and if there is anything existing today which will survive until the Day of Judgment, it is art, music and literature.

Merely to mention the advantages of the fine arts would require a great deal of time; much less the pleasure, beauty and inspiration.

If you have been fortunate enough to master even to a small degree, only one of the fine arts, you may consider your part well done on this earth. Art not only reveals the true character of an individual, but it presents that which is most commendable on this earth.

It is my earnest hope to live to see all three of the fine arts manifest in one person, who will show the bearing of one to the other.

Too much stress cannot be put upon the fact that literature, music and art are one and the same thing, with a common source and the same termination, through different media; and may they hang together in the future as they have in the past, as a chain of three links.

BASKET BALL NOTES

The Girls' Basket Ball Team of N. H. S. played the last game of the season with the Zanesville "Royal Blues" at the Y. M. C. A. Gym. on the 8th of June, the score being 4 to 3 in favor of the home team.

Neither team did their best, and one of Newark's girls completely lost her head and tried to play football. This was a great surprise to Zanesville, for they did not believe any Newark team did that, and the girls are very sorry that they have spoiled their reputation.

The Zanesville center was always in the thickest of the fight making all the baskets for her team. The two captains, who played against each other, were the chief attraction, as they were usually by themselves and watching each other's movements like hawks; still, Newark's captain made a very pretty throw, making a basket from the opposite side of the field.

However, the people did not see all the good plays, as they were deeply interested in the fighting of one of the Newark girls. At the close of the game the Beta Phi's presented a bunch of carnations, the fraternity flower, to the Newark team.

After about ten minutes' intermission, the "Infants" of Newark played the "All Stars" of Zanesville. Although the "Infants" had not practiced to-

gether for about two months, they played a fine game, gaining another victory for Newark. Two of the Zanesville boys were injured, but not seriously.

After the games Misses Florence and Bertha Fulton entertained the visiting teams and the M. Q.'s and San Toys, all of whom went to the depot to cheer up the spirits of the two defeated teams and their friends.

The line up:

Royal Blues.	N. H. S.
Florence Frazier (C.) R. F. . . .	Bertha Fulton
Audrey Lane L. F. . . .	Lillian Kammerer
Edith Lane C.	Florence Fulton
Julia Lee L. G. . . .	Ethel Brillhart (C.)
Mary Lee R. G. . . .	Grace Fulton
Beulah Merrick Sub	Emma Kammerer

Umpires—Castle Stewart, Don Geddoes. Referee—Hewitt Shauck. Score—4 to 3, in Newark's favor. Baskets—Zanesville, Lane; Newark, Fulton and Brillhart.

CLASS HISTORY

WM. FLEMING

(Read by Winifred Fulton)

History is the record of the deeds of men and of these events which are factors in the onward march of progress.

The history of the Class of 1903 is the record of the achievements of thirty-three individuals whose existence has been the greatest blessing of the present age and is sure to constitute the crowning glory of the coming ages. For sixty centuries the world has been in waiting for us, and now we are about to go out and take that same world on our shoulders.

To write ordinary history is no easy task; how much more difficult is then the task of compiling the history of the illustrious Class of 1903? Knowing, therefore, the great responsibility connected with this effort, the author of this historical sketch submits with fear and trembling these modest allusions to his fellow-classmates.

Time and space will not permit a complete biography of each illustrious member of this class, but would that we might take the time to follow in detail the glorious careers of Lippincott, Jones, and Suter, so full of incidents of love and chivalry.

Not many of this class have been together during the entire period of their school career, but most of us have been classmates during the four years of the High School course, and therefore have formed

social ties and bonds of friendship which we little appreciated at the time, but are now beginning to realize fully. Therefore, after about twelve years of joys and sorrows, we, the Class of 1903, have reached the end of our school days. We would now turn back for a last look at departed joys. We have had many good times together, and we regret very much that the time is approaching when we must disband. It will always be a source of pleasure, however, to look back at our old school days, for we will remember them as among the happiest of our lives. We do not claim to be perfect, and we know that our teachers have been very patient with us; therefore, we should be very thankful to them.

Our real history as a class began in the Autumn of 1901, when we were formally organized into the Junior Class. Homer Jones was chosen President, because we wanted a man that would make a commanding appearance. The other officers, Lawrence Krieg, Treasurer; Ida Moore, Secretary, and Norton Beecher, Vice President, were either chosen for their honesty or beauty.

We had the usual difficulty in deciding on class colors and a class flower, but finally came to the conclusion that green and white were the proper colors for a lively set as we were, and that the carnation would be a suitable flower.

Our spirited class meetings formed no small part of our Junior history, as also did our frequent contacts with the timid Seniors, in which we always came out victorious. "We were the people," and Seniors were scarcely heard of when we were around.

One day in January the Seniors attempted to entertain the school with a class rush, but about five minutes after we entered upon the scene no Seniors could be found, and it is a mystery to us yet how they got out so quickly.

At another time we put our colors on the top of the building, in the hope that Seniors would take them down, but none of them had bravery enough.

It was during our Junior year that we discovered that we had an artist in our class whose drawings and paintings would put those of Raphael to shame.

The effect of the summer vacation did not at all dampen our ardor and ambition for renewing our existence as a class. Our officers for the Senior year were: Homer Jones, President; Ray Evans, Vice President; Musa Beall, Secretary, and Lawrence Krieg, Treasurer. Mr. Krieg afterwards resigned, and Warren Suter was chosen to fill his place.

At one of our early class meetings it was decided

MEMBERS OF CLASS '03, NE



MARY KING HARVEY ALEXANDER MARY OWEN JOY EDWARDS GRACE D
 BESSIE NORMAN LOTTIE HOLMAN HOMER JONES MUS
 ETHOL BRILLHART FRANCES PRIEST MYRTLE MILLER RUTH SPEER HOWARD BROOM
 FLORENCE FULTON WILLIAM FLEMING ANGIE DAVIS V

Three members omitted in above group.

NEWARK HIGH SCHOOL



ACE DOYLE GIDEON LIPPINCOTT FLOSSA HERSHBERGER FERN HARRIS
 MUSA BEALL RAY EVANS ADA SIMS IDA DAVIS
 ROOME JULIA BRAUNHOLD WALTER HOLMAN ELIZABETH KING WINIFRED FULTON
 S WILFERD BOLIN FLORENCE HULL MARY ADAM

to continue The Hetuck, and officers were accordingly elected for that purpose. These officers have improved it, of course, and now it stands among the best school papers in the country.

In order to carry out our desires for the end of the year, we needed to make some money, so it was decided to give a play. It was a very interesting one and a good crowd attended.

Our next venture was a lecture by James Bail Naylor. Although the lecture was a good one, the attendance was poor, and Mr. Naylor, as well as ourselves, had to be contented with a small profit.

We next gave a luncheon at Brennan's Hall, and then a lawn fete at the High School. Both of these ventures were successful ones.

Among the wonders of the class, none stand out more prominently than Wilferd Bolin and Warren Suter—so near a size that one has often been mistaken for the other.

Some of the other wonders we might mention are: Walter Holman, always quiet except when broke; Grace Doyle, the expert stenographer; Musa Beall, the great actress; Joy Edwards and Harvey Alexander, the great orators.

Our history, however, has not been without its touch of sorrow. In the midst of successes, our attention was called to the fact that life, however prosperous, is uncertain. We are now compelled to pause to dwell upon the memory of one loved and honored member taken from our ranks ere we had quite reached the end of our work in the High School.

Mary Cornelia Webb died Feb. 22, 1903, aged 19 years, a faithful student, loyal friend, genial companion, dutiful daughter, loving sister. Too much we cannot say in praise of her. Surely each one of us mourns the absence of her cheery countenance and the ring of her merry laugh; none the less do we miss her support and helpfulness during this closing year.

We still wonder that the Wise Creator in His great wisdom deemed it better to lay His afflicting hand upon one so dearly cherished here on earth, one whose virtues were so many, whose outlook upon life was so promising.

To His decree we must submit cheerfully, looking into the future, hopefully, may we be united in eternity.

Now we have come to the end of the past history of the Class of 1903. We leave the future to the prophets, hoping that it may be even more glorious than the past.

Fine Fans

**Sterling Silver Pieces
Fine Sterling Brooches
White Kid Gloves, Silk
Umbrellas and a dozen
other Choice Lines**



**For the Grad-
uates**

**Specially displayed for
the friends of the
graduates this week at**

**The H. H. Griggs
Company**

CLASS PROPHECY

LULU STARR

A prophecy, and gods and goddesses are things of the past! Where could we find a medium who could reveal secrets concerning the lives of such a class as that of 1903? Finding that we were the chosen prophets of this mighty class, we wandered hither and thither over the earth, trying to find a wiseacre. Finally we were told that by obtaining admission to realms of departed spirits, we could converse directly with a shade who would be able to inform us as to the destinies of our class. But how could we, being mere mortals, descend to that abode and return to tell what we had learned? "Ah! there's the rub." But being brave and having found the three things necessary for admission, namely, a golden dollar, and for Cerebrus, the three-headed dog who guards the entrance, a drugged cake, and a written permit from Prof. Childs, reading, "Please permit M. R. Beall and L. G. Starr to be ferried across the Styx and to remain upon the opposite shore for an hour, but have them report to E. P. Childs promptly at the second period," we proceeded with fear and trembling. Hand in hand, we descended, down and down, into utter darkness, and passed safely to the banks of the Styx, where, on showing our permit, we were ferried across, and this we dared for the Class of '03.

Landing, in due time we reached Elysium, far too fair for mortals to describe.

The spirits walked to and fro, each happy in his own way. Many passed us by, but their stateliness forbade our speaking, till one towering above the rest approached and we recognized the "father of our country," and to him we spoke thus:

"Oh! most mighty man, we have been sent as envoys from the Class of 1903, that mighty class which is even now about to depart from the "Temple of Learning," in which they have been immured for four years, to learn through your kindness and generosity the fates of this worthy class; if it be possible for us to hear their fates, we humbly await your pleasure."

After which we prostrated ourselves before him, and in a short time, after having appeared to think deeply, he raised his hand for silence, but it was not necessary, for the silence even then was oppressive. And now we give you the fates of the class in his words as nearly as possible:

First appears to me your artist Gideon, he who

keeps his head so well trimmed, and walks so quietly and demurely, but with all his demureness he has been a source of great care and anguish to his teacher, who has on this account given him several little spiritual talks. But soon he is to be under the guidance of his fair-haired lassie and climbing the heights of art in New York.

"Angie"—and as he mentioned the name, it being the first girl, he paused as if in deep thought as to her future. Then he said, "Behold, I see before me one of the brightest lights of this glorious class, conscientious ever, and striving always for that which is highest (mostly grades). However, in the future we see her still struggling to convince the public that 'Honesty is the best policy.'"

Now the prophet stopped and appeared in great agitation, and we wondered not when his lips formed the word "Warren," solemnly shaking his head, as if almost afraid to proceed. He told us at last that, being so large and pompous, it would be impossible for him to be anywhere but in the private office of some bank.

Next he revealed the fate of our Musa. As her name seems to indicate the Muse, it must have struck our prophet forcibly for he assumed some odd poses and while holding one of these, he told us how good she was in helping her class raise funds. He praised her art and her wisdom in following it, and although he sees her as a careless, happy school-girl, yet in future years, when, as he assures us, she has the world at her feet on account of her art, we will be glad to say that we were in her class at Newark High School.

Next he mentioned Sneed, but we were unable to see the connection with our class until he described a person thus: Tall, large, dark, immense pompadour, and sits in an angle of the room and answers to the name of Grace. He proceeded no further, for we interrupted him, knowing that her future was linked with the "Davis Creamery."

Next he told of tall, graceful Ethel, the butcher's niece, who worked so faithfully with our Hetuck, who burnt the midnight oil and came many mornings weary-eyed to school, having done her best to keep up her extra study and do justice to our famous paper. She will continue studying with Miss Allen, Ethel's Juno.

"Frances"—he could scarcely distinguish her fea-

tures for the wealth of chestnut hair that so becomingly drooped over her forehead, but from her bravery he assured us she was plainly destined for an army man's wife.

And then we were told the destiny of Ida. Her life is to be one sacrifice in order that she may guide the minds of little people in the paths of wisdom.

At the fate of Ethol B., our athletic girl, the spirit shook his head. Her mind, he declared, was divided between two channels, and he was unable to see whether her way would be athletics or matrimony, but in the latter, he said, her ideal would have to "Strecker" before she would settle to the straight and narrow way.

There is short, stuffy Flo Fulton, one of the mysterious M. Q. girls, who is studying character by the shape of the chin. The spirit saw for her a brilliant college career and afterwards a teacher of "Character Study," by following the contour of the face.

Then came the fate of our Bessie, good, faithful and studious. Hers is predicted to be a happy home life.

The spirit foretells for Mary A. a life of globe-trotting. He says she is to cross the bounding blue to visit the home of her dear father—"Gay Paree."

Next he saw our sturdy, buxom country lass, Mary O. With dancing eyes and rosy cheeks, a favorite with the commercials, and he says she is favoring them so very much that she had no scruples in asking for "his" name on the plea that hers was so short and we were informed that her request would be favorably answered.

And now we had occasion to fear greatly, for our spirit went through the violent motion of sweeping, and we inferred from that that his vision was not clear, and no wonder, after disclosing the fates of this class, and being unable to obtain the name, gave us this hint, by which we recognized our "Broome," who will, the shade tells us, in time to come invent a patent force pump, applied for by Mr. Austin. This pump shall be known as the Cicero Force Pump, so named on account of Howard's fondness for his Latin and his instructor. Also, that he is not destined for single blessedness.

As the spirit drifted from this last vision, we noticed quite a change in his appearance, and it was not strange, for, although coming near the end, his importance is great. Was he not to tell us of our most important member? Yes, we were right, for he revealed to us the fate of our president, something like this: Gentle and stern by turns, you have at dif-

ferent times greatly perplexed this worthy fellow, and he has served you so faithfully, but you are not the only ones he has served. He has been kind and considerate to your secretary, and it has been a great pleasure and has relieved the monotony of the school year. However, after you leave the "Temple of Learning," he will be widely separated from his subjects, for I see him working diligently as a court stenographer in a far western city.

After the fate of our president had been revealed, I began to feel that the strain was too much, and longed to be out in the fresh air; but when the shade began to tell of our "Ruthie girl," I simply thought I couldn't stand it, for he said she would be a famous illustrator for a magazine. We all know that this would be impossible, as it is her duty to make one of her many suitors happy, and as I compared this fate to that of an illustrator, it was so funny that I had to laugh. For this breach of etiquette I was rudely thrust outside to await my companion, who had the good fortune to be more sedate than myself. While standing there, waiting, and trying to pass the time, an imp came to me and whispered a few things about our faculty.

Some things our faculty would like to have:

Mr. Townsend—A position as superintendent of a Morality school.

Miss Moore—A position in Mr. T.'s school.

Mr. Austin—A swell laboratory and a servant to clean it.

Mr. Tait—The pupils more interested in Reviews.

Miss Allen—Several green Freshies to scare next year.

Miss Wotring—Another trip abroad.

Miss Thomas—Nothing; she is satisfied.

Miss Hattie Jones—One perfect lesson in rhetoric.

Prof. Childs—More reverence paid the High School.

After this I decided simply to rest until my companion should come, so that we might journey back to earth together, and I now leave her to give you the fates of the remainder of the class, which was told to her after my rude dismissal.

PART II

MUSA R. BEALL

Finding that I was alone, I feared much and trembled exceedingly, but I fell down on my knees and entreated the spirit to continue, and then compassion fell upon him, and he said:

"Listen, maiden, unto the fate of your Myrtle. A fickle maid is she, who smiles when she is sad

and smiles when she is glad; she is one of those girls that smiles and smiles, and smiles. Many times has wicked Cupid pierced her heart, but she is as modest as can be. Sudden death would have followed had her name appeared in the columns of the mighty Hetuck. Yet she, the same girl, burnt the midnight oil while writing locals about her friends. A gloomy future will be hers, for whosoever is Myrtle's life companion, she will wish when it is—ah, too late, that it was "the other fellow."

And then I was distressed, for it pained me greatly to hear of such a fate for one of the fair girls of 1903.

But forgetting not my mission, I listened to him attentively, and he spoke as follows: "The vision of fair Lulu, the Starr of the class, who has charmed her listeners many times with her nightingale voice, appears before me in a faraway western town, but—lucky girl—'tis not alone she wanders. I repeat, 'tis not alone."

And then he told of our little girl, poor little "Hully," who is forced to spend most of her time looking up to people. "A teacher shall she be, teaching nine and sixty years and then retire on pension. She will eat bread in many lands."

Ah, then he told of Julia, good, earnest lass, with mind too superior for thought of the "sterner sex." Alone shall she tread the weary path of life.

And now my shade hesitated, and I saw that he was much agitated, but continued in a lower voice, and I drew near to listen, for I knew that it was of Ray that he spoke. "'Tis he who was the scorn of your teachers, the 'harum scarum' of the class. Under a lucky star was he born, and through the influence of others he will become a noted banker in early years."

And next he foretold of the "Joy" of our class, who loved Harvey in early youth, "but turned shall she be against the whole world, and alone shall she live, but not unknown, for 'tis her lot to write two great books, namely, "Why We Study Physics," and "Bugs and Little Fishes."

Then it became suddenly dark and the whole realm trembled and I was much afraid; and burying my head in my hands, I waited to hear the voice of our good prophet, but he was silent until I entreated him to continue, and amid the roar of thunder and flashing of lightning, I heard in gurgling tones, the fate of our "Winifred," the stylish girl, who studies "Fads and Fashions" and "Boyology." "The destiny of this girl is uncertain, but do not worry," the prophet said,

VACATION TIME

Is now at hand and everybody is thinking of something thin and cool to wear during their outings. Immense stock of

Lawns, DIMITIES MULLS, ETC.

is being shown on our counters and thousands of

Dainty Laces and Embroideries

to trim them with. Remember, we have the largest line of

Fans and Parasols

ever brought to Newark.

MEYER & LINDORF

"not always frivolous will she be. And 'tis she who in years to come will write the "Side Talks to Girls" and most useful little pamphlets on the "Art of Making Up."

The fate of Flossa was next in turn, she, our studious girl, who had surprised all many times with her grades in Physics and Chemistry. "A teacher shall she be, and not many summers will pass before our Flossa will assume the scowl that seems so necessary for filling the position of one of Newark's most amiable teachers.

Turning his head he spoke of Lottie, the talkative Commercial girl, "of whom you may have heard." "It is she who raises her voice above all in arguments, and whose voice caused the walks to echo and re-echo during our mighty class meetings." "'Tis she who will become one of the many pretty type-writer girls who skillfully carry their little two-by-four inch lunch in a deceiving way that either resembles her soiled collars on the way to the laundry, or a box of Lowney's most famous chocolates."

And then I was much startled, for a dazzling light shone in my eyes and blinded me from the sight of the spirit, and I knew that it was of Elizabeth that he intended to speak, for the mention of what other name would cause this sudden change of darkness into light. Up unto this time, partly through fear and partly on account of the strangeness of my position, I had most shamefully forgotten to offer up a sacrifice due to our prophet. But at the mention of Elizabeth I immediately grasped one of the canines that by chance happened along which formerly had quite often visited Room No. 1, but on account of Miss Moore's cruelty to the poor beasts that frequently visited the place, had long since been ferried across the Styx. Placing it upon the altar, I caused fire to be put beneath, and when it was consumed, I turned and saw that the shade was much pleased, for he smiled and I knew that he would tell much of her who had most rightly won for herself the title of "Pious Elizabeth." I realize even now, as I stand here foretelling her future, she is blushing exceedingly, for she is so modest, and dislikes to hear much of her immortality. But Elizabeth is human in one respect, for she has an ideal and he is mortal and well known to us all; and my prophet informed me that it was Dear Mr. Tait, and I nodded assent, for who of the Senior girls could blame her? The slums of Chicago will find her, feeding the poor, nursing the sick, and teaching the little ones the straight and narrow path."

"One shall be left behind in the school-room," he said in solemn voice, "and that shall be the fate of Mary K., for it is she who is needed by Mr. Austin to keep the laboratory in perfect order for how could he succeed—mighty man though he is—without one of the old Zoology class to do the work far too lowly for his majestic hands?"

And then he said: "Maiden, fall down on your knees and hold out your hands as a suppliant, and listen to the destiny of your Wilferd, the generous lad, who gives away part of his name to the fat and jolly girl simply asking it." Wilferd is small, but the prophet said: "Worry not over him; a farmer shall he be, and till the soil following the plow over Owen's broad acres, and call out to passers-by on the public highway, 'Are You There?'"

And then he asked me, saying: "Have you one among you, who hurls your colors bravely, and hates the Juniors deadly, who studies History and nothing else diligently? And who knows all the secrets of the class, and how the green and white came to wave from certain places, but would not reveal his knowledge for a fortune, or even at the penalty of death?" And then I knew it was our William, not the Conqueror, but Fleming. So, he proceeded, saying: "A teacher will he become in your very realms, telling of the lives of the world's heroes."

Then I heard of Fern, one of the hard-worked German students. He said she would be renowned for her short stories, eloquence and flow of language.

"Ada, your erstwhile school teacher, will go right on and pursue faithfully her chosen profession and govern the minds of the coming generation.

And now he saw Walter, the Girl Struck Boy, and I really did not know whom he meant until he answered "Hop," who is destined to puzzle over accounts, the figures even dancing before him in his dreams.

And then the high and kind prophet bade me stand up and go on my way, but I dared not, for I knew that when the time came to tell to mortals this most wonderful prophecy, that I would stand face to face with the rich and most powerful Juniors, who have gold and silver in great store and high ideas of how the world will be set on fire when they become the mighty Seniors. So I kissed humbly the hem of my good seer's garment and entreated him to tell me the future of the Naughty-four; and all things grew suddenly dark, and his voice sounded strange and queer as he said: "A miserable future will be the lot of the now high-minded Juniors. Their band will become much weakened, for few are those who

are not weeded out in Physics, under the kind and sympathetic Mr. Austin, who will keep repeating softly to himself until about the 25th of this month—

“‘Out on the links, we made our start,
She missed her drive but caught my heart.’”

“The gold and silver will disappear from their treasury, and sleepless nights shall they pass, trying to hit upon a money-making scheme, for poverty is the characteristic of a typical Senior. Scoff at the idea do they now, but a Lawn Fete will not be permitted again, except they go far, far away, even into another land, for what mortal would be again so cruel as to make Miss Moore repeat her lonely watch, alone and supperless, lest by trespassing upon the premises, Supt. Townsend should be displeased. Oh, impress upon the minds of the Juniors, maiden, never to attempt that, for should they, a perfect hurricane would come with double force and blow them far away, out in the rain, and tall, wet grass.

“The Hetuck with this coming class will never be heard of, for there is not one among them that will suffer to take upon himself the duty of manager.

“Each day will some one from their number be obliged to report to the office to receive the reproach of Professor Childs, who has one hobby, the ‘Duty of the Pupil.’ And when the snow falls and the winds grow cold, frozen will they become by Miss Moore’s endeavors to ventilate the room. ‘And when the robin redbreast sings his sweet refrain,’ suffocate will they, indeed, for it is the decree of the superintendent that there shall be no window, no, not one, even raised, but locked shall they be, and securely. And they, lucky Juniors, have been peaceful thus far among themselves, but in the future much strife will they have one with another, and they shall be attacked and utterly subdued by the new but powerful Juniors, who shall choose their leaders next year.

“Spare them, maiden, when you repeat to them their future, for ‘tis a hard fate for one so young and beautiful.”

And I was overcome and my sympathy caused me to cry out in distress; then my prophet refused to tell more, and with tottering footsteps and dizzy head I sought my frightened companion, who had wandered in her loneliness to the banks of the Styx, and from fatigue we fell asleep; and when we awoke, we found ourselves again in the Newark High School, willing to tell you, our schoolmates, what we so wonderfully learned.

Should we have failed to make clear your destiny, or saddened you by the knowledge of it, we crave

your pardon, for we have endeavored to give it to you just as we, lowly mortals though we are, heard it. So if you have censure and reproach in your mind for us, turn it away and blame it, my kind friends, on the star under which you happen to be born.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the Class of 1903, being of sound disposing mind and memory (according to the statement of the faculty), do hereby make, publish and declare this to be our last will and testament:

First. We give, devise and bequeath unto Miss Moore the Class of 1904, to be kept under her charge and direction for the period of one year, providing they conduct themselves in a manner far better than they have during the year that has just passed.

Second. We give, devise and bequeath unto the succeeding classes: One ticket board of the most approved style, to take the place of the old one, which was always causing so much confusion at an inopportune moment, because part of the tacks would persist in falling out or changing places.

We also give, devise and bequeath to the aforesaid class any song books or select songs that belong to this class, but which remain uncalled for at the opening of school next fall.

Third. We give, devise and bequeath unto our beloved friends, the Juniors, the following:

(1). All the stage scenery, located in the basement, and consisting of four frames, artistically decorated, two end braces, and all other appurtenances to be found attached thereto.

(2). A magazine of world-wide circulation, known as The Hetuck, together with the cuts of the High School, preceding classes, etc., on condition that any member of the Class of '03 shall have the privilege of using said cuts at any time.

(3). The privilege of enjoying the shade of the poplar tree planted by the popular Class of 1903.

(4). One tin can, such as is used by painters for mixing red paint, said can having been found on the lawn, April 22.

(5). One piece of sand stone, which is said to have been used by certain members of the aforesaid Junior Class several weeks after the aforesaid sign painting, to remove said red paint from the walk in accordance with the ultimatum of the principal in charge.

(6). The privilege of opening the windows in Room I in winter and closing them in summer.

(7). To the president of the aforesaid class, one gavel, in order that he may call his "small but mighty" band to order in due form.

(8). We bequeath unto the said Junior Class, a set of Bayer's edition of plays, consisting of five copies of the play entitled "Poison," which play we hope to have the pleasure of witnessing from this stage the coming year.

Fourth. We give, devise and bequeath unto Professor Townsend the privilege of taking anything he may find lying loose about the High School to his new office in the Auditorium, and we would impress upon his mind the necessity of taking typewriters, geology cases, mirrors, hat racks, etc., and we would further impress upon his mind the fact that the principal can hang his hat on the floor, and that therefore it would not be necessary to leave so much as a nail sticking in the wall.

We also give, devise and bequeath unto the aforesaid superintendent, one hammer and one chisel, in order that he may readily secure the desired articles for his office.

We also give, devise and bequeath unto Professor Townsend the full and exclusive right to use the slang phrase, "Are you there?" instead of the conventional "Hello," when called upon to answer the telephone.

Fifth. We give, devise and bequeath unto Prof. Childs, full charge of the typewriters in his new and commodious quarters, formerly occupied by the most high superintendent and his loyal assistant, Truant Officer Jones.

Sixth. We give, devise and bequeath unto Prof. Austin and his intended, the best wishes of the Class of '03 for a long, happy and prosperous married life.

Seventh. We give, devise and bequeath unto Prof. Ottman, providing the Board of Education pays for them, general offices for the use of the bookkeeping classes, in order that the Newark High School may have a Commercial course of which it may well be proud.

Eighth. We further give, devise and bequeath unto Prof. Austin the power to compel the members of the Physics and Chemistry classes to clean the laboratory.

Ninth. We give, devise and bequeath unto Prof. Tait, one piece of clay statuary, with all decorations attached. Also, the exclusive use of Desk 3, Row 1, Room 1, for his hat.

Tenth. We further give, devise and bequeath unto Miss Moore the right to remain in the building as

long as she pleases in the evening, especially on nights when there is to be a lawn fete; also, the privilege of keeping everybody else out of the building.

Eleventh. We give, devise and bequeath unto the Library a couple more subscriptions to French magazines; also a couple of subscriptions to German papers, on condition that the Librarian promises to make the students read the American papers at least as much as those of foreign print.

We also give to the Librarian full power to enforce the sign on the back of the one which is at present hanging under the clock.

Lastly. We give, devise and bequeath unto the three members of the Junior Class who labored so energetically to take the red paint off the walk in order to save the "honor" of the class, one package of Sapolio, in order that they may remove the remainder of the paint, providing they write a recommendation for the manufacturers thereof.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands and caused the official seal of the Class of 1903 to be affixed, this 9th day of June, 1903.

HOMER DAVID JONES, Pres.
MUSA RAY BEALL, Sec.
ALBERT RAY EVANS,
WARREN T. SUTER,
JOY CAPTOLIAN EDWARDS,
LOUFERN BEEKEN HARRIS,
ELIZABETH MYRTLE KING,
GEORGE HOWARD BROOME,
HARVEY J. ALEXANDER,
FLOSSA HERSHBERGER,
MARY GRACE DOYLE,
MARY KING,
JULIA MARGARET BRAUNHOLD,
CHARLOTTE GRACE HOLMAN,
WINIFRED MEAD FULTON,
FRANCES WELLS PRIEST,
RUTH ARLINGTON SPEER,
MARY ANILENE DAVIS,
LULU GERTRUDE STARR,
ETHOL BRILLHART,
FLORENCE HULL,
MARY OWEN,
FLORENCE EMILY FULTON,
MYRTLE ANNETTE MILLER,
BESSIE BEULAH NORMAN,
MARY HELENA ADAMS,
ETHEL M. METZ,
IDA W. DAVIS,
ADA SIMS,
GIDEON W. LIPPINCOTT,
WILLIAM A. FLEMING,
WALTER G. HOLMAN,
WILFERD C. BOLIN.

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

1. Invocation Rev. Lester S. Boyce
2. Chorus—Joy, Joy, Freedom Today (from Gypsy's Warning) Glee Club
3. Power—Its Application Elizabeth King
4. Chestnuts Florence Fulton
5. Vocal Solo Dr. Herman Monroe
6. Credit Roy Evans
7. Athletics Ethol Brillhant
8. Solo and Chorus—Moon Song (from San Toy) Bertha Penney and Glee Club
9. Custom Myrtle Miller
10. Ohio Harvey Alexander
11. Vocal Solo Dr. Herman Monroe
12. Shakespeare's Women Ethel Metz
13. Song—The Lost Chord Glee Club
14. Presentation of Diplomas Mr. H. J. Hoover
15. Chorus—As Pants the Heart (from Crucifixion)—Spohr Dr. Monroe and Glee Club

FAREWELL ADDRESS

FRANCES WELLS PRIEST

The moment has come. The strange word of farewell must be said. With a swelling of pride and a sinking of heart we meet you on this day which marks the close of many joyful hours spent in these familiar surroundings among our school friends—this day, toward which we have been eagerly striving with sincere purpose and honest endeavor. But now at last, as we lay down the tools which have been carving and fashioning our future, it is with the sincerest regret, mingled with a touch of sadness, that we leave such happiness.

'Tis true that ever since the time, seemingly long ago, when our parents led us by the hand to school for the first time, we have anticipated with great pleasure the time when we should graduate.

How many times when our lessons have been unusually long and difficult, have we longed to cast away our books forever and leave the "Temple of Learning," never to return! But have not our school-days been happy ones? Yes, indeed, the happiest days of our lives.

Tonight we realize that these are over and that we are about to step forth into the world. No longer are we school children, but the time has come when we must launch our little craft and battle against the waves, unguided, unaided. But let us hope that our voyage may be a successful and happy one, and when the sky seems gloomy, let us remember that—

"Behind the clouds is the sun still shining.
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

To the Superintendent and Board of Education, the Class of 1903 wishes to extend their sincerest thanks for your care and the interest you have taken in our welfare, and as we bid you adieu, believe that we realize that it is to you that we owe the privileges we have enjoyed. With full appreciation of your kindness—farewell.

To the Faculty of the High School and to our former Teachers, we tender our sincerest gratitude for the helpful and sympathetic relation you have sustained to us in the past years. In after life, when we triumph, it will be largely to you, who have taught us, that we will owe our victory—when we meet defeat, we will regret the unheeded warnings, the neglected lessons. Patient instructors, to you we bid a fond farewell.

To our Friends present we also say adieu. For it was in your midst that we entered upon our school career, and now it is from your midst that we depart. We thank you for the words of hope with which you have so often encouraged us. One and all, farewell.

Fellow Students of the advancing class, we meet you with a greeting and a farewell. We leave the school in your charge, and the duties which have been ours are now yours. May you improve the opportunities which we have had. We extend to you our hand in parting, and wish you well.

To my Classmates: The solemn thought that this may be the last time that our dear old class shall meet unbroken chills and awes every heart. Other classes have gone before us and still more will succeed, but then there is a little difference in the Class of 1903. May each member of the class aspire to noble deeds, heroic acts, worthy achievements. To you, also, must be uttered the word which contains a blessing and a prayer—farewell.

Graduation may at first seem to be the stepping beyond the circle which contains the difficulties of life. While it may mean that one is concerned no longer with the school circle, this has been but one step toward the great circle of life.

Since the beginning of time all things have been ruled by the great law of unity, which binds everything in the universe to one source. The earth and firmament symbolize the circle and nature is full of reminders of the soundness of the law. All life is

obedient to the law of unity and all life, except the human, gives of itself for the enlargement of the circle.

Sometimes the widening of the circle is so slow that it is not perceptible and sometimes it makes such rapid progress that the wise, who know of it, marvel.

Those who sacrifice themselves to this law of living increase the zeal of others and hasten the march onward. Today, it is not the single examples of truth that is needed to hasten the world's progress, but the combined efforts of the masses. Man has been blind to this law of unity through whole cycles of time because he has been bound by the smaller circles of development through which he is obliged to pass before he is permitted to see the great end of existence.

Intelligent a man is, he does not seem to realize the necessity of his life's expansion for the widening of the circle, but is content to be carried along with the current, retarding his own progress and preventing that of others. Indeed, there are few who realize the relation each of us bears to the past and to the life that is before us.

We have passed through some of the small circles of life—many of them with more ease because we have been together. Today we seem to stand still—while tomorrow the great moving circle will sweep us along. Each will become one point in the circle, with the opportunity either of advancing the world's best interests or of causing it to move more slowly.

It is June with us in our lives and we are leaving the smaller circles which have brought us to this day, even to this very moment, when I stand before you, and in behalf of the Class of 1903, tell of the love in our hearts, which lies in and beyond the sad, sweet word of farewell.

ROUND TABLE

As the exchange editor for the last time looks over the various papers received, there cannot fail to come a feeling of sadness, for there has been a pleasure along with the work, and in the future, as we think of the time spent at this work we are al-

most sure to remember the pleasures and not the troubles which at that time we thought we had. And so this is the way it has been with the time spent in the lower grades. The troubles which were so great then are almost forgotten now.

We notice with interest the motto, "Labor omnia vincit," of the Flickertail.

The May number of the Inlander is a credit to those who worked to get so much good material.

The Orange and Black is a little sarcastic but we have learned to look over trifles. This is the paper which comes from Paris, Ill.

There is a vast improvement in the Knot since we received its first number last fall. We hope the publishers next year will keep up the good start which has been made.

One might think that Quakers had edited the High School Sentiment, judging from the very quiet colors in which the cover is printed.

We thank the Student for its word of appreciation. The Commencement number is certainly full of pictures.

We fail to see why the Mirror should take up all the space of its exchange column by talking about itself. We fear that that is a little egotistic.

She winters at California,
Summers at Newport's call;
Now, if she'd spring in Florida,
I wonder where she'd fall.—Ex.

The most of the papers we have received have been very well edited and we hope will continue to be when new staff members are chosen to take the places of those who graduate this year.

THE AMOUNT OF WORK WE ARE DOING

Is proof positive that the public is satisfied that care and attention, courteous treatment and expert workmanship count in dental work, and a combination of all these things is responsible for the large practice we enjoy today. Evenings and Sunday by appointment.

DR. W. C. CORNE, DENTIST,

Old Phone Union 53

(Ground Floor), 79 NORTH THIRD ST.



The "Delsarte"

Line of Ladies' Shoes

Delsarte Are just the thing for High School Girls. Up-to-date Fashion and true form combined. Price \$3 50 in all leathers.

THE KING SHOE CO., Sole Agents

ANNA L. O'BRIEN

DEALER IN

**FINE MILLINERY
AUDITORIUM**

HOOPER FRANKLIN

Fire Insurance Agency

Office 12 1-2 North Side Sqr, Newark, O.

OFFICE—First stairway south of Doty House, Newark, Ohio

Franklin's Fire Insurance . . . Agency

Don't Forget J. E. Stinger

the West Main street Jeweler, when you want your ring, stick pin, brooch, chain, charm, watch and clock repaired, and guarantee to fix work all the rest have failed or no charge. See? We also carry 10,000 stones of all kinds, and just the kind that will match up the one gone last. Just try us and be suited once.

RUSSELL'S PHOTO STUDIO

SPECIAL RATES TO STUDENTS

14 1-2 EAST PARK PLACE, NEWARK, OHIO

Smith & Nixon and Ebersole Pianos are absolutely durable. None other are better. Apply to

A. L. RAWLINGS, Sole Agent,

Easy Terms.

Newark Ohio.

MCCUNE-CRANE HARDWARE CO.

HARDWARE, CARRIAGE GOODS AND BUILDING MATERIAL

NO. 11 SOUTH PARK PLACE

THE P. SMITH'S SONS LUMBER CO.

L. O. L. P.

E. G. McPHERSON, Tailor

REPAIRING AND PRESSING A SPECIALTY

15 1-2 West Main Street

Real Estate

Bought and Sold
Loans Negotiated
Fire Insurance Written

Fred C. Evans

33 1-2 W. Main St., Newark, Ohio

See here boys, it's just like this, I have tried all the CLOTHING STORES
in town and have at last settled down on

MITCHELL, VAN ATTA & CO.

Everything they sell you is stylish and good and prices are always right

GEO. T. STREAM

Bicycles, Sundries and Repairs

Cor. West Main and Fifth Sts., Newark, O.

W. N. Fulton, President

H. J. Hoover, Cashier

E. T. Rugg, Vice Pres.

E. W. Crayton, Ass't Cashier

The Licking County Bank Company . . .

Depository of City School Funds
Paid up Capital \$165,000

6 North Park Place, - - Newark, Ohio

We respectfully solicit your Business.

The H. D. Munson Music Co.

High Grade Pianos and Or-
gans, "Artist Piano Player,"
the Pianola.

27 West Main Street

If a man loves a maid,
that's his business;

If a maid loves a man,
that's her business;

If they get married,
that's their business;

If they need shoes,
that's our business.

CARL & SEYMOUR,

South Side Shoe Hustlers.

